

poetrat

he is a rat
huddled
behind his "typewriter!"
oh it's foul
his infinite cowardice --
he won't get out
from behind the fucking thing.
he works it over
like a woman
he writhes behind
it like coming
he sleeps inside
it wallows within it
eats behind it lives
through it and
he's a rat

gagaku

snake
you move along
straight or sidewinder
fashion
and I love your flow
in the sand
or grass or
in water
you move
without jerks

gagaku

insects fly north
at first
a flock of birds

I got closer
looked at them singly
insects

locusts or some
form of wasp or mosquito
or termite or flying
hylgremite

no matter
insects flying north
in a flock